THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—*"The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty."*—JEFFERSON.

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BY

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SELECTED TALES.

THE JEWESS AND THE LIBERTINE.

(Concluded)

For the celebration of the feast of the Tabernacles, a bower of living branches had been constructed upon the terrace, and under this verdant canopy was placed a table covered with a snow white cloth, and bearing numerous vases, cups, and other vessels of the purest and most curiously cut crystal, and of the most richly sculptured silver and gold, from which the light of the torches was reflected back in dazzling brilliancy. Never had Don Smeraldo seen, even in the vice legate's palace, a more rare or precious display of the goldsmith's art.

Near the table stood the Jew, Ben Jacob, reading aloud, in Hebrew, the prayers peculiar to this solemnity. In his right hand he held a palm branch, the symbol of the east, the native country of his people, and the cradle of his religion. His daughter, and a young man wearing the dress of the Jews of Ermenia, stood, beside him. At the outer end of the table stood in reverential attitude, an old grey headed serving man, and the female servant. Don Smeraldo was not a little surprised at seeing the young girl, whom he had met in the street of Avignon poorly clad, and wearing the yellow cap, the distinctive articles of dress the Jews were obliged to wear, now covered with jewels and precious stones, that might excite the envy of a princess. The lofty stature and eastern character of Aleti's beauty, was seen to the greatest advantage in these festal robes, which, bordered with deep gold fringe, fell in ample folds to her feet, of perfect symmetry, but half concealed in little embroidered oriental slippers.

* * * * *

At length, the family retired—the torches were suddenly extinguished, and one after another the doors of the house were closed and barred. Smeraldo, though possessed of a sang froid and an audacity more than ordinary, could not restrain the beatings of his heart on hearing footsteps approach the chamber. Placing himself in a corner of the balcony, where he could not be seen from the chamber, he remained as motionless as a statue, holding his breath, and with his hand upon the hilt of his poignard. Aleti entered the room—he had heard her tell her handmaidens to light the lamp, and leave her alone. After their departure, she, without divesting herself of any part of her dress, sat down upon the low sofa, or divan, which, after the eastern fashion, ran along one side of the apartment, and, with her arms crossed, and her head inclined upon her bosom, she seemed absorbed in meditation or prayer.

By all the demons of this world and the next, muttered Don Smeraldo to himself, 'what can she be about now? It is probably some silly ceremony of her infernal religion, that obliges her to watch and pray all this night.'

He remained stationary a little while longer. A profound silence reigned throughout the house—sleep seemed to have fallen upon all the inmates but Smeraldo and his intended victim, and even she appeared calm, motionless, and her eyes half shut, which, after a little time closed as if with drowsiness.

Smeraldo then glided noiselessly towards her, his drawn poignard glistened in his hand, and his cap drawn half down over his face, looking at the moment, more like a midnight robber than a lover that had stolen into his mistress's apartment. Before he could lay his hand upon her, the maiden opened her eyes, and instinctively started back from him, and at the same time uttering a stifled cry of terror.

'Aleti,' he said reluctantly, but in a suppressed voice, 'it is I—fear nothing, but above all be silent—at you peril, cry not out again.'

She neither spoke nor cried, but with joined hands, and a look of the deepest terror she implored the pity of Smeraldo. He smiled and sat down by her side.

'My gentle dove, he said, in a soothing tone, 'why do you tremble thus? What can you fear from me, a devoted slave at your feet? You now may judge if I love you—I Don Smeraldo de Caretto, who have stolen in here like a thief in the night, with the hope of speaking to you for a few brief moments. Behold me in your apartment?'

'*In* the apartment of a Jewess!' she exclaimed, interrupting him.

'True—I know it is a mortal sin—but I have some influence at Rome, and I shall obtain absolution from the Holy Father. Besides, in you I see my religion, my God, and my every hope.'

The maiden shuddered on hearing these blasphemous expressions, and she looked on Smeraldo with indescribable horror, though see did not comprehend the infamous motives of his presence, or the danger in which she stood.

'My gentle angel,' he cried, 'I have been driven to this extremity by your cruel refusals. Why have you been so rigorous toward me? Did you imagine I was to be withheld from my designs by any obstacle you could oppose to me? No! no! You must love me and be mine. Come look up—speak, ask, say what I must do to please you, silly, but loveliest of your sex?'

'To please me, you must,' she resolutely said, 'quit this room on the instant.'

'No by heaven and earth!' cried Smeraldo, in a sombre but determined tone, 'you shall have other proofs of my love beside that. I shall not depart from hence till day break. I fear nothing, you may well believe—for who dare to force me from this? If one of your family dared to raise a hand against me—me Smeraldo Carretto, to morrow's sun should not go down without seeing him hanged between two dogs, his body thrown into the common sink, his house razed to the ground, and the plowshare passed over its site. But we are alone, and no one will interrupt us. You will grant me your love beautiful Aleti.'

'To love you, my lord! And what happiness or advantage could result to me there from?' she asked, with the noble ingenuousness of a chaste and youthful maiden, and the instinct of mistrust so peculiar to the people of her nation.

'All the happiness that you can desire in this world—your most boundless wishes shall be gratified. You shall have the most costly robes, the most magnificent jewels, a splendid mansion, far away from the gloomy Jewry, numerous servants, girls of good family to wait upon you, gay pages to obey your slightest behest—and you shall be the envy of all the fairest, and noblest, and richest of Avignon, for you will be the sole and adored mistress of Don Smeraldo de Carretto.'

At this word the youthful Jewess started up—a burning impulse of shame and indignation sent the blood rushing to her pale cheeks—the ancient pride and wild energy of her race were roused within her—the signal examples given by the people of God started up before her mind's eye, and the heroic acts of Judith, and other strong women of the remote Jewish times flashed upon her memory, and with an almost unearthly fire glancing from her eyes, she directed her looks, and her thoughts towards Heaven, as if imploring some divine inspiration

'Is not what I have told you, resumed. Don Smeraldo, 'a fate to be envied by the proudest of your sex?' at the same time throwing his arms rudely about the neck of the maiden. Aleti slipped from his embrace upon her knees, and her hand on reaching the floor encountered the poignard which Smeraldo had a short time before let fall.—The circumstance struck her as the sign and interposition she had been imploring of heaven—she grasped the weapon, and without uttering a word, she plunged it into the breast of her ravisher—a smothered cry escaped his lips, as he fell backwards—his limbs shook for a moment with a convulsive movement I stiffened and became motionless, his eyes remaining open and his head thrown back—the steel entered his felon heart—he was a corse.

LETTER FROM PARDON JONES.

UP THE COAST. JUNE 12, 1842.

My Dear Pie—I've broke out in a new place—or rather, I'm returnin to first principles, and it keeps me bizzy 'nuff, I can tell you. When I fust come out in the Picayune for Congress I put up for the 'fleet vacant deestrick." Wall, Mister Dawson and Mister Butler, they begged so hard for me to haul off and give 'em a chance for this heat, that I took pity on 'em, and give the place up for them to fight for. But now there's a goin to be'n vacant deestricks in the State afore long, and Christopher Quilp and I is a goin to run to fill 'em. Mr. Quilp come up 'spressly to see me 'bout it 'tother day, and we fixed the hull matter. He wanted me to 'gree to go'n 'lectioneer in his deestrick for him, and let him come and du the same for me—but that I wouldn't du, for I've head my speeches and, every thing fixed for that same bizzness this year or tu.

Soon's Quilp went off I went'n fixed up for a 'lectioneerin tower 'among my futur constituyents. A good many on 'em has got the notion sence I begin to write letters to you, that I was gittin proud, and, no sooner did I git the Cursel up to the Bay State then they set me down for a ra'al airistocrat, and my enemies has bin very bizzy spreadin the story all over the country.

"Wall,' says I to Jerushy, 'now then let's put the lie to this slander to once. I'm a goin to show myself to the people, and I'll show 'em that Cursel Pardon Jones aint nothin but a man arter all. Bring me my old tow and linen breeches, pepper and salt jacket, chip hat, and cowhide boots and checkered neckhankerchieff. Now for a bandanner headkerchieff, and tie it up full of sugar plums and other nick-nacks for the babies.'

Wall, I kissed Jerushy, and off I started, hossback, 'lectioneerin, I didn't call on nobody till I got down putty near the old disputed territory, where I wan't much known. I left my hoss to a grog' shop, and thought I'd walk out and see an old cock that lives there, a kind of a "leadin carrackter" 'mong the *soverins*. Wall, I went into his yard and walked up to the door, and axed if the 'gentleman of the house was to hum.

"*Wee*," says madam, says she, lookin at me hard—"wee—ker vooly voo der luee?"*

"O,' says I. smilin, 'I thought I'd jest call round and eat dinner with you—that's all.'

'Noos avoon DEENAY. Passay par lar porte darnesir, a lar domesteek voos on donnerrar."†

Jest then the old gentleman come to the door scratchin his back and holdin a paper in his hand—"What for you come here?" says he.

"Why,' says I, bowin, "my name is Cursel Jones, and I'm canvassin the people, and I thought I'd jest call in and take a bite with you, and talk matters over in a free and easy sort of a way.'

"Ha, ha! *wee*, you *dam* 'free and easy' to come here and tell me your name Coronel Jones, and get a dinner out of me! No, *bate*! you no Coronel Jones—he is one *gentleman—you* is one dam *peggar*—allay—go fast out of my yard.'

By grashus!—if I warn't mad! Wall, I went back to the grog-shop and ordered suthin to eat, but the feller wouldn't bring nothin on the table till I showed him some money to pay for it! A little while arterwards I met our old friend and told him all about it. He laffed at me a good while, and told me that I 'was tu d--d shabby for sich a bizziness. You'd ought to dress,' says he, 'sost to not 'tract no tention—sost to be genteel and rich and shabby at the same time.

'I take it, says I, and I started for hum—The next day I rigged out in a different fashion altogether. I borrowed a gold watch and chain, and put on fine boots, yaller for want of blackin—an old Panama hat, black with mildew—an old black coat not very old, and breeches made out of cottonade. I stuck the gold watch keerless like into my under jacket pocket, and let the chain hang round most *anny* way. I kerried the sugar plums along in my saddle-bags and started off. The fust day's ride was putty fine. Most every boddy agreed to vote for me when the deestrick was laid off, if they didn't see noboddy up that they liked better, and I was in putty high sperrits when it cum night. Wall, I put up with a fust rate, good natered old feller that I met at a billiard room, and when we got to his house 'twas jest at dusk. We went in and I was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman, that looked as if she got fat on laffin, her face was so full of fun.—Arter a while, arter we'd talked 'bout my little gal and 'bout the garden, and so on, in come three or four children, laffin, and skippin along as merry as crickets. There warn't no candle lit, but I could see't they was fine lookin little fellers, and I started for the saddle-bags the fust thing. "Come here,' says I, 'you little rogues—come along here and tell me what your names is.' The oldest come up to me, and says he, 'my name's Peter Smith, Sir.

"And what's *your* name?" sez I to the next.

'Bob Smith, sir.'

The next said his name was 'Bill Smith,' and the furth said *his* name was "Tommy Smith.' Wall, I got 'em upon my knees and kissed 'em over and over agin, and gin 'em a lot of sugar candy, and old Miss Smith was so tickled that she laffed all the time. Mister Smith looked on, but didn't say much.—'Why,' says I, 'Miss Smith, I wouldn't take a good deal for them four boys if I had 'em—they're so beautiful and sprightly.'

'No,' says she, laffin, 'I set a good deal by 'em, but we *spile* 'em tu much.'

'O no.' says I "there're ra'al well behaved children—and, by grashus!' says I, pretendin to be started by a sudden idea, 'what a *strikin* resemblance 'tween them boys and their father!' and I looked at Mister Smith—"I never *did* see nothin equal to it, says I—"your eyes, mouth, forrard—a *parfact picter* on you, sir, says I, tappin the oldest boy on the pate. I thought Miss Smith would a died laffin, at that—her arms fell down by her side, and her head fell back, and she shook the hull house, laffin.

'*Du* you think so, Cursel Jones?' says she, and she looked towards Mister Smith; and I thought she'd a gone off in a fit.

'Yes, says I, 'I du, ra'ally now.'

"Ha, ha, haw—w—w!' says Mister Smith, kinder half laffin, 'you're tu hard on me, Cursel, with your jokes.

'I aint a jokin at all,' says I, 'they're hansum children, and they *du* look wonderfully like you.'

Jest then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be darn'd if the little brats did'nt turn out to be *mulattos* every one on 'em, and their heads was as curly as the blackest niggers!!! Mister and Miss Smith never had no children, and they sort o' petted them little niggers for playthings! I never felt so streaked in my life as I did when I seen how things stood. If I hadn't a kissed the nasty things I could a got over it, but kissen on 'em showed that I was in airnest, (though I was soft soapin on 'em, as I thought, all the time) and how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Miss Smith laffed so hard when she see how confused I looked, that she most suffercated. A little while arterwards there was a hull family of relations arriv from the city, and turned the matter off, but the next morain I could see't Mister Smith didn't like the remembrance on't at all, and I don't bleave he'll vote for me when the 'lection comes on. I 'spect Miss Smith will keep the old feller under with that joke a good while.

Your frind in haste.

PARDON JONES,

Cursel Bay State Militia.

If you have lost your property, be industrious honest and frugal, and you will acquire more.

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* Yes—what do you want of him?

† We have dined—walk round to the back door and the servant will give you some.

WASHINGTON CITY

SATURDAY JULY 23, 1842.

SPEECH OF HON. J. REYNOLDS, OF ILLINOIS, ON THE TARIFF BILL.

The Governor's ideas on this subject are very reasonable. He speaks plain common sense when he says it is useless to take up time in debating the revenue bill when they know a revenue we must have. But he prefers a *direct* tax upon the wealth of the country to support the Government.

Now if he could impart to the people a portion of his own plain common sense, no doubt they would find it better in the end. He asks if people do not know, they must support the Government.

Of the direct tax he says—

"Under this system each individual in the community would pay a tax in proportion to the value of his property. Can any thing be more just and equitable than this, for the wealth of the country to be taxed in equal proportion for the support of the Government?"

There is nothing more reasonable than this in theory.

* * * *

"Many of the Whig orators say this system is odious, and that the people will never permit the tax-gatherer to enter their houses. This argument is based on the assumption that the people are ignorant and vicious. This school of politicians have always considered the mass of the people ignorant, dishonest, and incapable of self-government. It is also stated that the people will pay willingly a tax on imported goods, because they are ignorant of making such payment."

Only try it, Governor, and you will soon be convinced.

We have lived under two direct taxes, and the whole country was in a flame—within an inch of flying to arms. There is such hiding—such hard swearing—such valuing of property—and then comes the collector, and then comes fighting and barring of doors wherever he shows his face—women scolding, children screaming, men hiding—the very dogs are ready to tear him to pieces, and often shot at by women, and many had to bring possees to assist him. If he gets his money at all, it is at the risk of his life.

Gov. R. alluding to this matter, says—"This argument is based on the assumption that the people are ignorant and vicious." "This school of politicians have always considered the mass (of the people) ignorant, dishonest," &c. Not so! The argument (if it ever has been used) is not 'based on assumption'—it is unfortunately based on facts. Nor need we clearer evidence of this, than the attempt of Gov. R. to flatter their "ignorance." If he were a true friend of the people, he would either tell them their faults, or be silent. It is in politics as in love—if ever you hear a man flatter a young woman, be assured he intends to deceive her. No gentleman of honor and principle would have the face to flatter people of sense and information.

Now the fact is notorious, that the mass are so ignorant, that one in a thousand, perhaps, do not know that they support the government by a tax—(the duties) on every article of dress they wear. The merchant puts the duty on his goods—the people go to the stores, and buy as low as they can, and unless it be a few intelligent people, as we said, not one of them are aware that they pay a tax to support the government, upon every article that comes into their house, either of foreign or domestic manufacture, even the spool of cotton with which they are made—they do not even know the meaning of the words duty or tariff!

To prove the fact, however, let Mr. R. take them as they come, and ascertain for himself.

We will illustrate the subject, however, by an anecdote in point. Some short time since, conversing with a fine lady looking woman, who had removed from the country, we happened, amongst other things, to ask her what part of Europe her forefathers emigrated from? "O," said she, "they didn't come from no country, they always lived in Charles county," [Md.] We endeavored to enlighten her, and remarked, "that was impossible—for at one time this whole country was in possession of the Indians!" This was all Greek to her, though a female of wealth. No, sir. Time was when the people of this country did understand self-government, and understood common sense and honesty—but that was before money religion.

Were the people mutually and quietly, to agree upon a direct tax, their public servants would not have such an opportunity to commit frauds as they have done, to an extent unparalleled by any country. Such mode would sharpen their ideas, and lead them to keep a bright look out upon those public swindlers, and would be a great saving in the end. But the MANUFACTURERS! What would they say? they would never agree to it. It would breed a civil war!

There is another matter touched by Mr. Reynolds, at which we are gratified. It is his remarks upon the removal of Gov. *Dodge* and the appointing Mr. *Doty* Gov. of Wisconsin in his place. This was an unfortunate oversight. We know both men well, and a more upright, brave, and generous man never trod the forest of the noble west than Gov. Henry Dodge! Not but we hold the maxim that "short settlements make long friends," in other words, the spirit of our government requires prudent changes of public servants, being founded for the GENERAL—AND NOT the INDIVIDUAL WELFARE OF ANY MAN. The principle of equality being interwoven with our very existence.

But when the faithful services of Gen. Dodge are considered—his toils, his bravery, disinterestedness and gentlemanly bearing, compared to the *poor* thing that now fills his place, it is mortifying and painful to his friends. He ought, at least, to have held the office while Wisconsin was a territory.

We know nothing impugning the character of Mr. Doty. But he is a poor henpecked creature, kept "under cow" by his wife, who is one of your tyrannical, bold, swaggering, missionary madams, whose will is the law. She keeps the purse, and would lay every man, woman and child in Wisconsin under tribute to the missionaries, and make them slaves, if she dare. Therefore, if any of the money matters be wrong, you may guess who is in fault.

REMOVALS OF POSTMASTERS.

Gov. Reynolds brings this subject up in his tariff speech. This is conceding the "assumption" that the "MASS" *are* ignorant, otherwise the Governor must know they would see his drift, in going out of the way to discuss a subject that has nothing to do with the tariff.

We differ in opinion with our friend Gov. R. in regard to removing the Postmasters by Gen. Granger, a more abandoned set of office-holders did not exist in the government, and were the principle cause of bringing the administration into disgrace. In a word—beside their thefts, frauds and robberies, and suppressing newspapers—in concert with *contractors, drivers*, and *secret* agents, they governed every election—sub rosa, since the Barry administration of the department, and instead of turning out 1700, Gen. G. ought to have turned out 17,000. We will explain.

In the first place, there were

Postmasters . .	12 000
Deputies . . .	12 000
Clerks (in large towns there are 50)	12 000
Amount . .	36,000

Then comes the "helps," in the shape of wives, and sons, and daughters—sisters and sisters and brothers-in-law, and hired men, all open the mail, and all know exactly what papers to send on, and which not, and all know letters that have money in them, and all are great electioneerers—and then there is fraudulent postage charged. The principal scarcely ever opens the mail.

We have travelled on every mail route in the Union, and know enough of these people, and have proofs filed away. We had much to do with these Postmasters, and never found more than half a dozen honest men in the whole, though there might have been many—and finally, by the instruction, no doubt, of the heaven born, our paper was finally suppressed.

It was to rid the government of these, and other corrupt office holders, that "the people elevated the whig party, into power." The people peremptorily demanded a change. Their name is Legion—and mark if they do not get into power again, or unite with the levellers—breed a civil war. See what they are doing now!

Therefore, the POST OFFICE ought never to have been placed under the control of the Executive. If he be so disposed, he can elect himself for ever, while he wields this power alone. Then since the Department "was ordained for the benefit of the PEOPLE," [not for thieves and parties] they ought to place it under the control of their own representatives.

The EXECUTIVE *forsooth*! They ought to have said executioner. But experience has brought the people to their senses! THEY NOW DISCOVER ALL THE HORRORS OF THAT TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION, FROM WHICH THEIR BRAVERY RESCUED THEM—lurking in that identical palladium of strength in which they reposed their fondest hopes.

Through these open doors in our constitution, tyranny in its worst form*, has stalked into our very temple of liberty.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

We looked in the *Globe* for some remark on Mr. Webster's spirited reply to the Mexican *Minister*, at which all parties seem to be pleased. But not a word. Perhaps a consultation has first to be held with Amos and the autocrat of the levellers, to contrive ways and means to attach Mr. Webster's reply to the "banks."

All their arguments consist of repetitions For instance, "Banks and Federal Whigs," and "Federal Whigs and Banks." Even the Baltimore Sun says something of the latter.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE 27TH CONGRESS.

Hon. *Nathan Appleton*. Mr. A. has been elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the recent resignation of Hon. R C Winthrop, a member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts. Mr. A is a middle aged man, with a tall, graceful figure, rather spare. His face is fair, with thin, regular features, of the Grecian cast. His eye is a clear blue, and beams with benignity and human kindness. His hair is touched with the frost of time, but "cannot steal the soul's youth away." His countenance is open, bland and intelligent, and bespeaks a mind of classical erudition. In his manners Mr. A. is easy and polite, and adorned with every endowment of an accomplished gentleman.

We had the honor to become acquainted with Mr. Appleton and his brother Samuel in Boston some years since, at their residence in Beacon street, and received from them those marks of kindness and attention, which none but gentlemen know how to bestow. They are men of considerable wealth—of the first respectability, and Mr. N. A. particularly, is said to possess great commercial talents.

Hon, *John P. Kennedy, of Maryland*. Mr. K. is a member of the House of Representatives. but it strikes us he was a member previous to the 27th Congress, and that we must have met before.

Be this as it may, we have never been acquainted till a few days since, though we have often remarked his speeches in the House as bold, nervous, and to the point; and have also remarked productions of the pen, of which it now appears he is the author, and proves him to be a man of strong mental powers and erudition.

Mr. K. is a young man, with a stout, noble figure, oval face, and a bold, manly countenance, which strikes you at first sight. His eye is dark, keen, large, full of vigor and penetration. In his manners Mr. K. is plain, and has a sort of distant dignity, or Ben Johnson appearance. We shall try to learn more of Mr. K. and hope to be numbered among his friends.

LADIES.

Mrs. *Goggin*. Mrs. G. is the lady of Hon. Wm. L. Goggin, a Representative in Congress, from Virginia. She is quite a young woman, of very striking appearance, being tall, and finely shaped, of the Medicis symmetry—square shoulders, and round slender waist. Her face is round with full regular features, and brown complexion—Her forehead is broad—smooth and tranquil; while her gently curved brow sits enthroned upon a large, deep, hazel eye of remarkable beauty and intelligence. Her hair is black, rich and glossy, and an air of sweet repose rests upon her countenance, so chaste and so innocent withall, that it steals our affections. Her manners are affable free and very engaging.

THE BRIDE. This is the accomplished bride of Hon. Joseph L. Williams, a member of Congress from Tennessee, with whom he has recently arrived in this city* Mrs. Williams is a beautiful young creature, just arrived at the age of womanhood. She is tall and slender, with a figure of inimitable symmetry, and proportion. Her face is round, full and finely featured, and fair as the lily, to which her neatly penciled brow, her fair bland forehead, with a sparkling black eye—gives great expression. But no limner can do justice to the life, and animation of her countenance—to the varied sweetness and intelligence peculiarly her own, or to the dove like glance of her soft eye. Her hair is of raven blackness, and falls over her snow white neck in shining clusters. *Her* manners are familiar and extremely winning. Truly Mr. Williams is to be envied. We wish them health, wealth and length of days.

LOOK OUT CONGRESS.

The Globe and the *Sun* Editors seem to be very anxious indeed to get more hands into the city. The Avenue is to repair, and some water works to construct in the Northern Liberties, and Mr. Maher is the man to attend to it.

If such things were necessary, the Globe and the Sun-men are the only persons who has no business with it. And as for Mr. Maher, he has as many hands as he can attend to. We understand this manœuvre perfectly well. "Isn't these a Congress mob to get up?"

* It is said that Mr. *Wise*, who governs or advises the President, is insane.

* The notice was written last week.

POETRY.

From the Catholic Herald.

THE SKY.

The sky, the great, the glorious sky—
What beauty dwelleth there!
The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky,
Can aught with it compare!
At rosy morn, at eve, at night,
I gaze with ever new delight.

A crystal dome, whence gem-like rays
Of light come pouring down—
A vault, whose fires close-studded blaze
On Night's imperial crown—
Triumphal arch, with gay clouds hung,
Like banners round a hero flung.

A canopy, 'neath which the earth.
With mighty ocean lies—
Stretched o'er them when, at nature's birth,
The angel's wandering eyes
Beheld, completed by his hand,
This workth' Almighty Father planned.

When first the ruddy sun appears
'Mid dewy flowers that slept,
Like bridegroom that would kiss the tears
Love for his absence wept.
And woos back to his warm embrace.
Their beauties hid from night's dark face.

And like a monarch clothed in flame,
He rides in triumph on,
Till clouds that with the darkness came.
Have melted one by one—
And floods of glory wide are poured
From chariot of day's haughtly lord.

And when thy myriad flashing rays
At evening hour are seen,
Like clustering diamonds' gorgeous blaze.
Spread o'er the deep serene—
And shines the bow which since the flood
Has monument of mercy stood.

When high the up-piled masses loom
In awful darkness grand.
And strange, portentous shape assume.
Like giant castled land,
As if the war, 'twixt gods and men.
Were gathering in the heavens again—

And when the tempest dies away.
And reigns a holy calm.
When stars peep out at close of day,
And low winds breathe of balm,
And from her silver car the moon
Looks down on fragrant buds of June—

The sky, the great, the glorious sky—
What beauty still is there!
The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky.
Can aught with it compare?
Upon each varying shade and light,
I gaze with rapture morn and night!

I love the earth, I love the sky.
The song birds and the flowers.
The idle wind that frolics by.
In summer's leafy bowers.
My heart leaps up at their sweet call,
I feel 'My Father made them all.

THE WHITE GLOVE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

It was a beautiful moonlight night in the spring of '36. Night came down with a light step, and the fadeless heavens were studded with burning light, when a large and brilliant party assembled in the mansion of Maj. C———, in the Queen city of the West. The splendid entertainment was given in honor to the first company that left that region for the plains of Texas, to assist the patriots then struggling for existence and freedom from the tyrannical yoke of Mexico—a country that had rendered her name infamous throughout the civilized world, by her deeds of infamy.

The young and beautiful were there, and by special invitation, Captain S———'s volunteers were present, it being the evening previous to their departure for a distant land, to assist the glorious cause of freedom Music lent its charms—toasts were given—songs were poured from the lips of beauty, and all were delighted with the hospitality of their high minded and chivalrous host. The hour for parting however, arrived; and the company began to depart—Lieutenant W———, before taking leave of the fair being who had contributed to make time so pleasantly pass away, advanced towards Miss C———, and making a polite bow, asked her if she had nothing to give him which might serve, in after days, to call back an evening of unalloyed joy spent in her company. He wished some little token of remembrance before he bid farewell to the festive scene.

'Yes,' said the beautiful and high souled girl, pulling a white silk glove from her beautiful hand, 'take this—place it on your standard—and should you ever return, be sure to bring with you the token I now give you.'

Lieutenant W———took the gift from the fair one, and bid her adieu with feelings tinged with romance.

The next day the company bid farewell to their kindred and their friends, and departed for blood ensanguined fields of the south. Arriving in New Orleans at a time when their services were deemed of the utmost importance to the destiny of the young Republic, they lost no time in proceeding on their journey, and set sail immediately for the fine land they had left their homes to defend.

They were very fortunate in arriving at head quarters, a few days before the battle of Jacinto, which established the independence of the country. They brought with them the 'contingent friends,' two pieces of 'hollow ware, which had been furnished by the liberal citizens of the Queen city, and which had done the State some service on that memorable occasion. Capt. S———was entrusted with the command of the last division, to which was attached his company, commanded by Lieut. W——'who kept faithfully the instructions of Miss C——, and placed his precious gift on the standard as directed. The circumstance became known to the officers and privates attached to the company, and the little memento of a remembrance was regarded by all as a happy omen—a guerdon of success in the battle they were then about to fight. The history of that encounter is too well known to require description,

When the carnage had subsided, the first business of Lieut. W———was too look after the little token, and found it where it had been placed by his own hand, as spotless as when he received it from the fair being who lived in memory as a green spot in existence—an oasis in the desert of life.

Years passed away, and the Lieutenant at the battle of Jacinto, rose to the rank of Texan Colonel of Artillery, a mark of distinction which he had well earned by his brave and judicious conduct in several subsequent battles with the Indians. He was universally esteemed for the noble qualities he possessed, and was looked upon as one of the most promising officers attached to the army of the Republic. Brave to a fault, he would never excuse a dereliction from what he considered the duty of a soldier, and one occasion, when a post on the frontier was attacked by the Cumanches, he made some remarks on the conduct of the officer in command, of a personal natures

A challenge was the consequence, and Col. W——, believing his opponent was destitute of courage, accepted it, and named five paces as the distance. They fought, and both were killed—Col. W——lived a few hours. He was sensible that his end was approaching, and requested a friend to indite a letter to Miss C——, enclosing the cherished gift of other days, and telling her that the remembrance of the evening spent in her company, made easy the bed of death. He then uttered a prayer for his mother, and sunk calmly into that sleep, from which there is no waking in this world.—*N. O Crescent City.*

Irish Wit—'Plaise your lordship's honor and glory,' replied Tim, "I shot the hair by accident.' "By accident,' remarked Capt. O'Halloram. 'By accident,' continued the postillion. 'I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim, all of his own accord.' 'The game keeper tells a different story,' replied his lordship. 'Och! don't put faith in what that man says,' said Tim Ryan, 'when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. He tould me, t'other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!' "Ay, ay!' exclaimed Viscount Kilskiddery, 'indeed and what did you say?'

'Plaise yer lordship, I said yer lordship was.—Frazer's Magazine.

What has become of our friends, Mons O. DE A. SANTANGELO and SUITE? We are anxious to hear,

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A. M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each inserion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisments affords no interest to the readers.

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MICHAEL MERMOT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING USINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hoes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS HALL'S BOARDING HOUSE,

Pennsylvania Avenue,

NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL

WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted to raid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by severa Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have hokly e name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

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COMSTOCK & CO

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Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

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JOHN PURDON.

CHARLES CAHAN

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DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

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FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line to Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office of Platte Gaesby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

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The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principels of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparation applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them. The symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work which accompanies them, with more certainty than without the aid of a physician and can be used with perfect safety and success with out dieting or inconvenience.

NOTICE.

As there will be but one boat on the route on tunday, the PHENIX will make five trips on hat day between ashington and Alexanderia.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and two 4, and 6 o'clock P. M.

AMES: GUY, Jr; Captain;

NEW GUIDE *TO* WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, }—The above work is just ished, with a frontispiece of the Statue fo Washington, by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of washington, of its ıro gress and improvements since its origin the ecpxen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to till its object of curiosity, and to every thing alse that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of washington, though not a mere picture book—all eat institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but olitmsatcrorily described. It sketches its usages oustoms, manners, and religious and moral tone, of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the conditici of the legal and medical professions—its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of usefullocal; and general information which a resident a well as a stranger would be pleased to po-sess Among the descriptions of the societies which have been org anized i_ashington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the bookstore of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and P ennsylvania, avenue.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory AND

UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in itsvarious branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pnnsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the raiload depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat, Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of whic are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

persons wishing tow exchange their old furnit

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removep from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, beow the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has eboonor to inform his friends and the Puyic in General, that he is preparedetfurnish at the shortest notice every var de of articles in his line; Cakes of every hirc ption, Candies in every variety, Fruits, Nuts, &c. H. BARNS.

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sae, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Brocei, Coards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, ates and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Gass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch statuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excel's for Soups; Onions, white, red, and sive. Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Sprage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, a the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞,hese seeds are put up in sma add onvenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. he Roots, (particularly he Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful de scriptio n, comprise a the new varieties Odeandbe sold at the New York prices.

☞orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part othe, United States.

$100 REWARD.

R STORM'S SPECIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the genital organs of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return he empty vial and get back the money Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral subetance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, nd by J. & W. Young jr.

Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

GERMAN HOTEL,

BY

TARLES ROSENTHRAL. south The oiproprietor has removed to the and side *C* Penn. Avenue, between 12th at 13th sts. to the House lately occupiedby *CH.* COLTMAN, where he will be happ ertain his old customers and strangm

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILL

e An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets-eeactures, &c. &c. Of all the remedie ori discovered for the cure of these co plaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They tire mild and pleasant to take, yet powerfu in their action, and may be taken without he knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For dale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T etJardella, corner of 12th and the avenue Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS

FOR

PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controvesie Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and th Rev R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of moder times, having gone through twentyone eds tions in England and Ireland, where it i still read with extraordinary vidity, an in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to th ast copy; and the demand for it from a quarters, Catholic and Protestant, bein s til very great, it is proposed to re-publis it in Weekly Numbers at such a price a to put it within the reach of all withou epurssing any.

Those in the City of N . York, who wi che work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have i regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents:—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 A St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, . Willin Alley, Philadelphia;—r. John Farnond Utica, N. Y.;—r.T athew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;r. Pea Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this grea tontroversy has converted more sectariesto he Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and h also been the happy means of bringing grea numbers to the true faith in the United States It is t herefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will end his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the —v mostalue.

JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform he Public in general, and his friends i particular; that has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, forme occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture stor and latterly by the office of the Native American where he will be happy to a ipit commodate all who may favor with hheir custom, with every article a Gro

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